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SYNOPSIS.

Franceis Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevaller of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francols visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe. his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son. Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America. The Marquis asks Francols to be a friend of his son. The boy soleminy promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alixe, Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois goes to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois goes to leafly as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis' brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis' brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois lake a Brother for the Austrians for five years, in the castie owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his grand of his pight. The general. Alixe and through him sends word to his friends or his prison. Alixe awaits him on horsebuck and len

CHAPTER XXXI.-Continued.

Prince Louis saw the dawning of consternation. Rapidly he considered. Was it well to take away a man's happiness and courage just before a fight? He remembered some words of Francois spoken three years before, words whose dramatic bareness had struck him. "When a knight of the old time went into battle," the young man had said. "he wore on his heimet the badge of his lady, and the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so." Very well. This blind knight should and he should fight tomorrow with the thought of her in his heart. The letter suggested another meaning to sophisticated Louis Bonaparte, but there is no need to hasten the feet of unhappiness. The resonant French voice spoke at last in an unused accent of cordiality and the Prince lied, with ungrudging graciousness,

"Mistaken, my Francoie! Not at all. The little billet-doux breathes love for you in each line-there is no question! But, mon ami, you have not finished your story." So Francois explained about the letter left with Lucy Hampton and its premature sending. "That has reached her now-she knows now that I love her, she knows what has really been my lifelong wish-she has hurried this," and his hand crushed the note tenderly-"she has hurried this to me before the fight-that might know her love also-that might fight better for you, my Prince -Louis-with that joy in my heart." Prince Louis, his head thrown back, his expressionless eyes watching the rings of smoke which he puffed from his mouth-ring after ring, mounting in dream-like procession to the low celling, considered again. Somewhere in the chain of events of this loveaffair his keen practical sense felt a link that did not fit-a link forced into connection. Vaguely he discerned how it was-something had happened to the Virginian letter-there had been a confusion somewhere. To him the four words of Alixe's postscript were final. "Pietro sends his love." A subconscious reasoning made him certain that Pietro would not have come into such a letter if it had been indeed a love-letter; that the three lines of writing just before the battle could not have held another man's name, if they had been written to the man whom she loved. Very dimly, very surely the Psince concluded these things; and then he lowered his cigar, and his gray dull eyes came down from the ceiling and rested, kindly on the radiant face. "You are right, my friend. It was an exquisite thought of your lady-love to put this other weapon, this bright sword of happiness into your hand, to fight with tomorrow. Mon Dieu, we will reward her by sending her back a Marshal's baton by you; a Marshal's baton tomorrow, Francois! How would it sound, par example, to say 'Madame la Mare--chale'?"

The light from Francois' eyes was like a lamp.

"My Prince-Sire-there are three things I have desired all my life, all great things, but of them that onethe baton of a Marshal-is the least, spoke to his men, If I might win her love-I have said; if I might help put you in Napoleon's said loudly, "a revolution begins toplace and shout 'Vive l'Empereur' for might fulfill the Emperor's prophecy and be not a 'Marshal some day' any longer but a Marshal of your empireall for a man born a peasant, is it votion to accomplish this glorious mis- approach from the Faubourg Pierre, and the regiment wheeled into sliding ties in a certain spot, and the news in detail the list is a long one. The -he gripped his letter closer-"and me Long live Napoleon! Long live yet not of necessity fatal, and at all stream toward the looming arsenal. one, I believe tomorrow brings. Be the Emperor." fore tomorrow bight"-his great eyes

that caught at the Prince's nerves, and made him draw a breath quickly "Something above myself tells me," Francois said slowly, and the words came with a languid power, as if his personality were a medium, "that before tomorrow night the officers who stand about you shall hail you Emperor over the body of a man who lies

before you." In the silence, the Prince's watch could be heard ticking. Francois shiv-

ered violently. "Ugh!" he said, his teeth chattering. 'It gives me a 'crise de nerfs,' that trick of vision-seeing. I do not like gone mad can not know how it was. should it come to a man happy as I sword was drawn and the shakos flew the free street he galloped the horse, courtyard was a hubbub of rapturous it, and yet at times it seizes me. Why am-a man who has dared ask three aloft and again and again and again through the windings that he had excitement, and the Prince's officersenormous wishes of the good fairies; the men's deep voices sent up in bro- learned with this moment in his mind. who holds one of them in his hand"- ken magnificent chorus the great his- The third was drawn up waiting, and D'Hunin, Querelles-these and others he lifted the letter-"who sees another toric cry to which armies had gone in easy reach, and who," he smiled into battle. brilliantly, "who will be well content without the third, my Prince, the first ing about with a disturbed gaze, "yet my life is just beginning."

The Prince rose and tossed his cigar to the fireplace. "It is simply that you are tired, Francois," he said in the tranquil tones which no peril disturbed. "The nerves of us all are storm-center to raise his hand again, stretched and yours are the finest and with a word, with the glimmer of strung. Go to bed, and at daylight you a smile to speak his gratitude—to stop will be warm enough, with the work the storm. There was much to be that awalts us. Sleep well-good done. The fourth artillery was but

night, my friend," own life, according to his lights not a ment was sent to hold the telegraph bad life, radically strong and radically office; the tumult once quieted, the its, start, with many shadows and many stains; then of the crystal clearness of this other's, with his three wishes in which he trusted as simply as a child would trust to the fairies. A smile almost tender stole across the mask-like features in the dark. "There is no doubt but the girl will marry the marquis," he reflected. "Yet I am glad I left him his hope and his happiness." A vision of Francois' beatified look rose before him.

"A man fights better so," the Prince murmured aloud, and, his own sadness forgotten in another man's joy, he fell

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

The Buole-Call.

The gray dawn of a Sunday morning son of Josephine!" began to break over the sleeping city They pressed so close about the had read into it, for his lady's badge, of Boulogne, yet earlier than the dawn small figure in its Swiss uniform of a anxious eyes opened to watch, and colonel that for a moment he was sep men's hearts beat fast to meet it. arated from his officers, and Colonel Scattered in lodging-houses and bar Vaudrey, smiling for all his military racks Louis Napoleon's followers were discipline, was forced to order his they had to play. No man among them | road. Every moment an old soldier was as quiet, as little nervous as the broke out of the mass and embraced Prince, yet his as well as every gal- the eagle which Lieutenant de Querlant heart of them felt a throb of elles carried proudly high above all suddenly sounded.

the pulsing air.

Louis reached the barrack-gate, and failure the soldier-blood in him rushed in a And close by his side, his look as beyond, in the yard, statue-like, war- Francois Beaupre. The hard-earned square. If the fourth artillery fol- of preparation had come into play, lowed its colonel, if the day went well, and in a hundred ways the man had this was the core of his army, Colonel been useful. With no exact rank as Vaudrey was in the center of the yet, but ready at any moment, eager square; the Prince marched quietly for the bardest task, never asking for to him and as he came, with a sharp rest, quick-witted, resourceful, officers simultaneous clatter that was the mu-



"Saldiers! The Honor of Beginning a New Empire Shall Be Yours!"

sic of Heaven to his ears, the whole regiment presented arms. fronted toward him could see that the parts the whole enthusiastic fourth colorless face turned grayer, but that artillery might be at his back. This angry if he is left helpless-they was all, and quickly Colonel Vaudrey then was the route chosen.

"Soldiers of the fourth artillery," he day under the nephew of the Emperor you on the throne of France; if I Napoleon. He is before you, and to his land to give back the people the van a man had lost his head, had their rights, the army its greatness. forgotten, and the compact inelastic the arsenali" it is asking much of one lifetime, above He trusts in your courage, your de- procession had been led toward the not? Yet of those three wishes one sion. My soldiers, your colonel has the narrow lane at the side toward lines that doubled and parted and

"ed toward the ceiling of the hardly finished when the regiment, entrance at the head of a shouting rapidly on a bit of paper. was the rapt look strongly Bonapartist always, carried regiment, but for all that he might win the in the off its feet now by the sight of the the forty-sixth.

to whom he came caught up the cry, thing had happened to the officer sent of them did, this man's anomalous yet break. He held up his hand, and rap-

thusiasm, the tumult quieted. from an officer and held it high. "It at his ear and turned. is the sign of French glory; it has ope. Soldiers, rally to the eagle! I quietly: trust it to you-we will march today against the oppressors, crying 'Long

live France." One who has not heard a regiment

two being his." He shivered again. on fire with memories and traditions, a grave, this coldness," he said, look- cause, and as if the spell of the name gloriously on glancing steel, on the have arrived the Prince would have "Is the night raw? It is as if I were in with a passion of consecration to a grew stronger with its repetition they shouted over and over, in tremendous ment. Low branches of trees brushed mand. The great game was practicalunison, over and over and over.

"Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!" It was necessary at last for the quiet slender young man who was the one of several regiments to be gained Later, in the darkness of his cham- if the victory were to be complete. ber, Prince Louis lay awake, his imag- | Colonel Lombard was dispatched to a ination filled with the man whose dra- printing office with proclamations to matic personality appealed to him as be struck off; Lieutenant Laity hurfew had ever done. He thought of his ried away to his battalion; a detachgentle, yet complicated, abnormal from yard was a scene of efficient business, officer knew his work. In a very few moments the officers of the third artillery who were with the Prince had hastened to their quarters, another had been sent to arouse the forty-sixth of the line, at the Place d' Alton barracks, and shortly Prince Louis himself was on his way to the same place. Through the streets of the city, no longer empty, he passed with his officers, and the people poured from their houses, and joined and answered the shouts of the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" the soldiers cried. "It is the nephew of Napoleon," and the citizens threw back, "Vive l'Empereur! It is the son of the hopest king of Holland! It is the grand-

waiting before daylight for the part mounted artillerymen to clear the relief with its bound of excitement this emotion; the soldiers' eyes flashwhen a trumpet from the Austerlitz ed with success; the Prince's heart

as well as Prince had developed a habit of turning to Beaupre for service after service. And always they encouraged them to ask more until the Prince said:

"It is the case of the willing horse;

man be worked to death-it must stop." Today, however, Francois had a definite duty of responsibility. While strength at every yard, through the hold them ready. In case of success to be his reserve. The Place d' Alton barracks lay between town and ramparts, to be reached from the town side only by a narrow lane; but the ramparts commanded with a large open space the yard where the soldiers assembled. If the Prince entered it would be best for the Prince. from the town side, from the street-Faubourg Pierre-only an escort could In the glowing light the soldiers who go with him. If he went by the ram-

But as the Prince and the regiment and the swinging shouting mass of citizens made its way toward the quarters, suddenly, too late, the officers about his Highness saw that

and the deep voices sent it rolling to arouse them-another slip in the strong hold on Prince Louis. down the empty streets. Louis Bona- chain-and instead of being drawn up Francois rode again to the colonel's parte standing erect, motionless, im- in the yard they were getting ready side, and he did not doubt that he had passive as always, wondered if a pulse for Sunday inspection, but they flock decided rightly. might beat harder than his and not ed to the windows at the noise, they rushed into the yard at the name of idly, yet with lingering shouts of en- Napoleon. An old sergeant of the Imperial Guard ran forward and kiss-"Soldiers," he said, "I have come to ed Prince Louis' hand, and the reyou first because between you and served face lightened-he knew the being human, cannot see all sides of me there are great memories. With value of a bit of sentiment with a question; that a decision right in now. On the ramparts, where the you the Emperor, my uncle, served as Frenchmen; he was not wrong; in a one light may bring disaster in an- Prince and his column should have captain; with you he won glory at the moment the line regiment had caught other. If events had stayed where he been, had gathered from the Faubourg siege of Toulon; you opened the gates up the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" left them, Francois Beaupre and Col- Pierre a formidable crowd, who adof Grenoble to him when he came raised by the artillerymen, and the onel Couard and his regiment would vanced angrily to his rescue, and peltback from Elba. Soldlers, the honor earlier scene of the Austerlitz bar- have won honor and eternal grati- ed the line regiment with stones, and of beginning a new empire shall be racks was being repeated here. Prince tude from Louis Bonaparte for the cried again and again, "Vive l'Emperyours; yours shall be the honor of sa- Louis, pale and composed in the cen- quarter of an hour's work which made eur!" Colonel Talandier had to reckluting first the eagle of Austerlitz and ter of the roar of voices, the seeth- the arsenal theirs. Events, instead of on with a many-sided trouble. But the Wagram." He caught the standard ing sea of excitement, heard a word standing still, or going forward, took

"Sire, it is success. I go to bring up after Francois' going. shone over every battlefield; it has your Majesty's other regiment," Franpassed through every capitol of Eur- cois said, and the Prince answered owy smile which made his face win-

> "Yes, it is success. Go, mon ami." a shout like a clap of thunder greeted touch thrilled him, for he knew by it peror. that this was true and not a dream, and he, Francois Beaupre, was lead-Emperor.

Suddenly a man galloped from a word. It was not a day to take anything for granted; Colonel Couard halted the regiment.

"The arsenal," the man gasped. "They have taken Monsieur de Persigny prisoner. Monsieur le General Voirol is on his way, but he is dis-It is a step from here. The third artillery could arrive there be-Monsieur de Persigny would be releaset"-he stopped breathless.

The colonel turned an inquiring look on Franco's. As the Prince's mes-



"The Arsenal!" the Man Gaspad.

senger, as the man whom he had seen barracks, the barracks of the fourth | beat high for joy to know that he had | closest to the Prince's person, he deartillery. Napoleon's own regiment, not misread the heart of army or peo- ferred to him, and Francois realized ple. When the column passed the gen- that he must make, and make quickly, It was the signal, and in a moment darmerie the guard turned out and a momentous decision. The arsenal the Prince and his escort were mov- presented arms, shouting, "Long live was immense and lightly guarded. Deing down the dark street toward the Emperor!" So he went through Persigny had been sent with a small Colonel Vaudrey's quarters, toward the streets of Boulogne, Louis Napo- force to take it, for the ammunition that ringing note not yet died out from leon Bonaparte, eight long years be- it held might at any moment be of fore he came to his own, and march- supreme importance. It seemed that The city was tranquil when Prince ed in triumph and acclamation to a the detachment which guarded it had been underrated, for it had made prisoners of De Persigny and his men, tide when he saw sixty mounted artil- radiant as the Prince's look was con- and this aide-de-camp had alone eslerymen posted at the entrance, and tained and impassive, marched always caped. If they were to be rescued, if the arsenal was to be gained for the like, silent, the regiment formed in military knowledge, the patient toil Prince, this very moment must be seized. General Voirol, royalist, the and read: commandant at Boulogne, was on his way with reinforcements and the hands. Have taken third artillery to third might well hold the arsenal against him but not gain it from him. With his whole being concentrated Francois thought. The orders were plain to lead the third artillery to join the Prince on the ramparts, But there were met with a glad consent which are times in history when to obey or that wrung them. It meant the end, ders is treachery. Was not this mo- and they knew it. Passionately he had touched his servant, and the ment, heavy with the right or wrong crushed the paper and threw it into knightly soul of Francois had risen. of his decision, one of them? Was it will not permit that my right-hand not the part of a mind capable of greatness to know and grasp the flying second of opportunity? Would not the Prince reproach him, if he stupidly let this one chance in a thousand go by, Prince marched, gathering for servile fear of disobeying orders? He had left his Highness safe with town toward the Place d' Alton at its | two regiments at his back; this other farther side, Colonel Couard of the could do nothing at the Place d' Alton third artillery had gone to proclaim barracks but swell the ranks; here, by the great news to his regiment and to a turn of a hand, they might win for the cause the very blood and bones at the Place & Alton, Beaupre was to of success, a mighty arsenal, and for go back and bring them to join the themselves honor and gratitude from Prince. In case of failure they were their Emperor. In Francois' mind was a touch of innocent vanity that he should have the power to render so signal a service, yet no thought at all for himself or for the honor he might gain or lose; whole-heartedly he weighed the reasons why or why not

The aide-de-camp's voice broke in. "My Colonel, I beg you, I implore you, save Monsieur de Persigny. The Prince loves him-he will be very threaten to execute him-I myself heard-I impore you, Monsieur le Colonel. For the rest, it is indeed the moment of fate to win the arsenal."

Francois' face lit with a fire of not let slip the gift of deatiny. To food out early in November, and let

And while orders rang out sharply

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Accolade at Last. It is a common tragedy that men. an unexpected sinister turn, not long

The happy Prince, smiling the shadning, stood in the center of triumphant turmoil; his new followers, the men In a moment the messenger had of the forty-sixth, crowded about him thrown himself on the horse of an ar- shouting, cheering, kissing his hands, tilleryman and forced a way through and the loyal fourth artillerymen frathe recoiling mass, down the lane, ternized, embraced, congratulated the With deafening clatter and roar every and out to the Faubourg Pierre. In men of the line regiment. The narrow Montholon, Vaudrey, Voisin, Parquin. his news. Buoyant, proud, he took rounded the small figure which yet his place by the colonel at their head, had so much of royalty, and laughed The souls of a thousand men were and gaily the joyful march back be and chatted light-heartedly. In a few gan. The sun had come from behind moments, when Colonel Laity's engithe clouds of early morning and shone neers and the third artillery should brilliant swinging line of the regi. five thousand men under his com-Francois' shoulder as he rode and the ly won-Prince Louis was all but Em-

Suddenly, above the sea of sound, a commotion was heard at the farther ing a regiment of France to France's end of the barrack yard. The colonel of the forty-sixth, Colonel Talandier, had arrived. Very loyal to Louis Philside street, in front of the advancing lipe, very angry at the scene before troops; he stopped, saluted, called a him, he would not believe the news. He called excitedly, and the men's voices died down as they saw him gesticulating.

"Soldiers," he cried, "you are deceived! This man for whom you are shouting is an adventurer, an impostor!"

In the shock of silence which followed his words, another voice rang for all this had been planned and each fore him-they would surrender- out, clear and indignant, the voice of a staff-officer whom they all knew.

"It is not the nephew of the Em-Vaudrey! I recognize him!" the officer cried in a strong staccato, and a gasp as if ice-water had been scattered went through the crowded place.

There is nothing more absurd in history than the instant effect of this quick-witted lie. Only with a merhave succeeded, but it succeeded here Prince's feet. with hopeless swiftness. It flew from tricked; the Emperor's nephew, their was a make-believe, a substitute, the soldiers who had shown most enthus- matter." iasm almost lost their minds now in

Colonel Talandier began to form his yet earnest, swift, tried to rally his, but it was impossible to start anywhere, in this confusion, for line and artillery had become mixed in an un-Prince or colonel and blood would have flowed Yet the steadfast mind kept its

hope; he glanced every moment toward the ramparts. The third must appear there shortly; it could not be many minutes. They would turn the tide. One glimpse of that solid swinging regiment and the day would be saved the Empire." And the Prince's sword and salvation was certain. The third was coming, would be here any second-Francois' faithfulness could be trusted.

about him, he was driven toward the barracks wall, and, in a flash, from to cry once more "Vive l'Empereur!" somewhere, a man was before him. thrusting a bit of paper at him. With ing drama, the ruined men who stood a swift movement he had it opened about a defeated Prince cried it for

"Destiny throws arsenal into our jewel for your crown. Vive l'Emper-Beaupre." eur! Few men ever heard Louis Napo-

leon sob, yet the officers stood about him at that moment caught a sound the seething mass.

"Fool! He has thrown away the em pire," he hissed through set teeth.

"If I could run him through!" Then, quickly, he was himself again. Serenely while the maddened soldiers pressed on him, he turned and spoke a quiet word to his friends, and then. serenely, too, with a gaze that was half contemptuous, half friendly, he let himself be made prisoner.

Yet the fight was not all over even



"Sire! I Bring You the Arsenal."

heart of it was in his hands, and slowly order and the old rule were coming back.

The tumult of the struggle had quieted, the volatile forty-sixth regiment, returned to its allegiance, stood formed in ranks, in appearance as firm for the king as the everlasting hills, and, at the end of the court was a sad and silent, yet a stately group of men, the Prince who had almost been Emperor and those who had watched slipping with his hope, their hopes of grandeur.

Suddenly a horse's hoofs rang down the lane from the Faubourg; a rider clattered at gallop into the yard and across the front of the soldiers, and every one in the agitated company saw that the man reeling in his sadperor! It is the nephew of Colonel dle was wounded. With blind gaze he stared about as he reined in, and then he caught sight of the sorry group, the Prince and his officers. To Francois Beaupre, clutching to this world by one thread of duty, this was the victorious Emperor and his triumphant staff. With a choking shout he threw himself from the horse and curial French mob, perhaps, could it fell, too far gone to stand, at the

"Sire, I bring you the arsenal," he mouth to mouth-they were cheated, stammered painfully, loudly. In the silence of the courtyard one heard Prince, had not come; this young man every word. "Two wishes-good fairies-" he gasped. And then, his mouth nephew of an officer; some of the twisting to a smile, "the third-is no

Louis Bonaparte looked down at the man whose dying face stared up at him in a rapture of loyalty; whose life men; the Prince, composed as ever, had been consecrated to him; whose death was for him; who had lost him an empire. For a second a struggle shook him, and then the large kindness through which he came nearest manageable mob. A word from either to greatness, overflowed. In the career to come was no finer moment, no higher inspiration for Prince Louis than this. He bent close to the glazing eyes.

"Courage!" he said clearly. "Courage, mon ami. Live for me and for our country. Live, my brother Francois-Chevalier Beaupre, Marshal of finshed out and touched his shoulder. The other world closing about him

Francols heard-they did not doubt it who saw the eyes flame as a firefly Slowly, with his officers crowding flames out of darkness, and when his lips stirred they knew that he wished

Frenchmen all, shaken with the livhim-the old magic cry of the Bonapartes. With kepis lifted, as one man, "Vive l'Empereur!" the deep voices hold it. I wait to bring the news-a cried, hailing a lost cause for a lost life. But only the Prince knew that a thought came after; only he caught. on the gasp which let the soul out, a girl's name. He bent quickly again, with an eager assurance, but it was late. The accolade of a higher king



FEEDING BIRDS IN WINTER Kindly Act to Set "Dinner Table" for the Wild Feathered Songsters.

How best to feed the birds is al-

most an art in itself. A winter lunch counter spread with suet, nuts, hemp seed, meat and crumbs will attract nuthatches, chickadees, downy and hairy woodpeckers, creepers, bluejays, Canary seed, buckwheat, oats etc. and hay chaff scattered on the ground beneath will provide an irreboarders. A feeding place of this sort can be arranged for convenient obser-

beak, tufted titmouse. Canada jay. Florida jay, Oregon jay, and redpoll. Even in spring untiring patience has resulted in the gratification of this supreme ambition of the bird lover, and bluebird, robin, catbird, brown thrasher and yellow throated vireo have been known to feed from the hand of a trusted friend, even with plenty of food all around .- From Boy Scouts of America.

American Benefactions.

Many a worthy but struggling charity has been placed on its feet by s sistible banquet for other feathered timely bequest or gift from a living friend, and the whole cause of organ ized benevolence has frequent reavation from a window and afford no son to rejoice over this tendency end of diversion and instruction. But which, while not by any means conwhether close to home or far afield, fined to one nationality, is known in decision. "My Colonel, it is for the the great secret of success in such the United States on a scale hever comes to lead you. He has returned some one had blundered. Someone in Prince-it would be his will-we must work is regularity. Begin to put the known before. Large gifts in this the birds get to know that they are than \$300,000,000, without including always sure to find a supply of dain- any of less than \$10,000. Examined wonderful fulfillment has come to me" answered for you. Shout then with the city. It was a serious mistake, flowed logether again in an elastic try weather, especially, it is amazing kind in making it better equipped for what can be accomplished by feeding the duties of life, and to prevent and events they must make the best of it. Francois, with a quick word to De the birds regularly, and at least the ameliorate human suffering. Educafollowing birds have been induced to tional institutions, hospitals and sanithe hardly finished when the regiment, entrance at the head of a shouting rapidly on a bit of paper.

The strongly Bonapartist always, carried the off its feet now by the sight of the off its feet now by the sight of the off its feet now by the sight of the forty-sixth.

The hardly finished when the regiment, but for all that he might win regiment, but for all that he might win once," he ordered, and the young officers all the forty-sixth. Some or saluted, for he, too, knew, as most cardinal, evening grossistic control of the first of the first

First in Everything First in Quality
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economical more wholesome gives be set is far superior to sour milk and soda All-Round Man. "Does he belong to the 400?"

## SPRING SUGGESTION.

"Yes, indeed; he's one of t

Take two or three Wright's India. Vegetable Pills upon retiring a few times and you will say that they'r the best Spring Medicine you've eve tried. Send for trial box to 372 Pear street, New York .- Adv.

#### Timely Caution.

"Genevieve, I notice you like to write your name on the eggs you pack."

"Not at all,' said the farmer. "You

have a pretty name. Write it upon all the eggs you please. But don't set down any dates."

### Quick Explainer.

"You needn't take your shoes off in the hall," said Mrs. C. Vere, "hoping to conceal the fact that you have been out till 2 o'clock in the morning.

"No concealment intended," replied her husband. "I was merely getting a little practise in the new fad of tangoing in stocking feet."

### Virtue of Self-Expression.

If children are allowed to give vent to all that is joyous and happy and spontaneous in their natures, they will be infinitely more likely to blossom out into helpful men and women, instead of sedate, suppressed, sad-faced individuals. Children who are encouraged in self-expression through their play instinct will not only make much more normal human beings, but will make better business men, better professional men, better citizens, better men and women generally. They will succeed better and have a nobler influence in the world. Joy and fun are great developers, calling out our richest resources, educating our fuller powers.-Nautilus.

## A Sure **Favorite**

-saves the housewife much thankless cooking-

# Post **Toasties**

The factory cooks them perfectly, toasts them to a delicate, golden-brown, and sends them to your table ready to eat direct from the sealed package.

Fresh, crisp, easy to serve,

Wonderfully Appetizing

Ask any grocer-

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